

HARLEM Friendship House NEWS



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FRIENDSHIP HOUSE NEWS

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Baroness C.de Hueck E.Doherty

IT HAS COME

LORD HAVE MERCY ON US..

It has come at last---The shadow of the Crooked Cross against the background of the Rising Sun has fallen on America--The circle is complete for Modern Paganism has met and kissed the Ancient One--The clutching finger of darkness is slowly spreading on the last lighted land. We in America are facing a blackout---

HOLY MARY PRAY FOR US..

The Nation like a giant awakened from a long sleep, stretches and arises to gird itself for blood, tears, sacrifice and hard relentless work. In the midst of all this, let us not forget to pray. Pray as we never prayed before. Pray while we work, make work a prayer. Pray as we rest---make rest a prayer. Pray for forgiveness, for our sins of omission and commission, which have helped to bring about in the years gone by the tragedy of today. Pray in abandonment to His Holy Will. Pray in reparation. Pray the prayer of Faith, that is not disturbed by suffering----knowing full well that Golgotha is but a prelude to Easter and Resurrection---

SEAT OF WISDOM PRAY FOR US..

MOTHER of God---Whom the Holy Ghost overshadowed---who bore and gave birth to Christ our Lord in the Stable of Bethlehem. Give us

wisdom: The wisdom of courage, fortitude, of charity that spends itself for others, of faith that knows no faltering---Give us LIGHT in our darkness---The LIGHT OF THE WORLD---without which all would be lost. There is no peace this Christmas but let us be of good will, so that peace may come back---

MIRROR OF JUSTICE PRAY FOR US---

For this is the acceptable time to practice Justice--the fruit of which is Peace. And if we want Peace, real peace, at home and in the world, let us now be busy in moting out Justice---to our fellowmen in America: Let it be Interracial Justice, too. Let Black and White stand shoulder to shoulder as brothers must against a common danger---for blood and tears and sacrifice will be asked of each FOR THE GOOD OF ALL. We are facing the Mystery of Iniquity that stands at our gates--let us face it with clean hearts and hands, remembering that we are all brothers under God the Father. Mirror of Justice--pray for us..

QUEEN OF PEACE PRAY FOR US..

We in Friendship House, in prayer and fear and trembling---take a stock of ourselves. Turning our faces to the Crib, we pray for light and courage, for God willing, we shall stay at our post through the dark days to come. Restless, poor, forgotten Harlem, is also a front line in the eternal warfare of God and the Devil. It is also one of the moral fronts which will have to be held. Today more than ever, youth women and men will need to know and love God. Humbly, fully cognizant of our unworthiness, we shall endeavor to do just that. With God's grace we will share in the suffering. With His help we will try to do more, dry a few tears, stanch a few drops of blood in this sacrifice---

We cannot do it alone, friends--so we turn to you---for prayers and help. We know that you too, will stand by, remembering that

the poor we have always with us.³ From wherever you are in America, you will understand and be with us and---together we shall carry on with the help of God, no matter how hard it will be. PRAY FOR US AS WE WILL FOR YOU...

God bless America---for her sacrifices, now and in the future, and give her strength to pray as she has never prayed before. God give her FAITH--the faith that lives and never dies. God give her strength to mete out Justice to all her children---so that she may reap soon, the fruit thereof which is PEACE---

Glory to God on high---and peace to men of good will--God's peace that no one can take away---even in the midst of War---

A Holy-Prayerful Christmas to You!

STAFF REPORTER

It doesn't take long for our world to change, does it? It was only last week that we were downtown window shopping and we got an idea for this column. We saw all the gilt and glitter of luxurious Christmas gifts. We rubbed shoulders with ladies in mink and silver fox---and we thought of Harlem.

We thought of Harlem when we noticed the price tags on fur coats, perfumes and just gadgets. We wondered how people could spend such tremendous sums---on things when up here in the Black Belt forty-nine people had died of malnutrition in one of our hospitals. It seemed paradoxical to us that newspapers publicized a knifing---and never mentioned the fact that in this city of fabulous wealth people died because they had no food. The recording of Kate Smith which was playing in one of Macy's windows seemed like a fiasco to us. The record-

ing was "A Merry American Christmas".

The facts in Harlem remain the same. But added to these facts, we have another even more dreadful one. We are at war. Negroes and Jews and Gentiles are united by a common bond--to preserve our way of life. And through--preserving our way of life, our united hope is for a perfect democracy.

There are things that we must remember now in our first surge of terrific patriotism, and that is where our duty lies. We know that our first impulse was to dash to the nearest recruiting office (if any for ladies) and join up so that we could be in the thick of things.

And suddenly we realized that we were in the thick of things and that our work here in Harlem is one of the first lines of Home Defense. Friendship House is needed, and so are its corporal and spiritual works of mercy to the Civilians. From a stand point of "public morale" it is needed more than ever, for it is well known that in times of war morality hits a new low.

We are going to be busier than ever from now on at Friendship House. This week we are decorating the library and clubrooms with cribs and Christmas trees, and holly berries. At the same time we are learning to be Air Raid Wardens. We are facing bombs and blackouts, and we have to be able to know what to do with our kids---just in case those planes aren't friendly ones.

So our world is all mixed up. We find it hard to correlate Harlem and War--Christmas and air raid shelters--but one thing we don't find hard to correlate--and that is tragedy and prayer.

We argued way into the night. I⁵ describing finally the hell that

the Sanatorium are still gods of spirituality and patience--

As individuals and, as a nation common tragedy has over-taken us so all must pray as we have never prayed before--We must beseege the Throne of Heaven with our petition for a true and lasting "Peace on earth"---!

THE BARONESS JOTS IT DOWN

There must be something about December that brings back memories. Here I am sitting at my desk, looking out of the big window of our Library, at 135th Street, seeing and not seeing the eternal bustle of traffic on it. Perhaps it is because the scene is such a familiar one--ten hours of every day of my life, unless I am away lecturing, are spent at this desk near this window.

February 14th, 1942 will be the fourth anniversary of our coming to Harlem. How time flies. It seems only yesterday that we were worrying about that bat and glove for our first CYO team--The Cubs wanted to form a team, and bats and gloves were expensive and we were poor at Friendship House--But then there always is the Holy Ghost. So we all went to Church, and asked Him for a bat and gloves--and do you know he sent them, that very week, too. Somehow, we know He would.

But when the kids went to play, they weren't careful enough about taking care of the bat, so we remonstrated, but quick as a flash the retort came back, "Sure B, but we don't have to be careful. The Holy Ghost has over so many more bats in heaven. He'll send us some. All we've got to do is to ask Him---" And there I was, and there were the kids, and there was Faith, unshakable and simple. What was I to do?

On the day after the first Christmas party, when our Pastor came in with a radiant smile and said: "B, I saw and heard five tiny

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Tots today before the Crib, praying out loud to the Christ Child thanking Him for the Christmas Party, because you told them that it was really He and not Santa Claus who gave it to them---" That, too, made me feel good and warm inside.

And then there was the old Colored Lady, who used to come every week and put two pennies on our desk for the good work of Friendship House--We confess that never were we so touched and thrilled as when we saw her lined and gentle face. It is not given to all people to meet the widow of the Gospel and her mite, in the flesh.

Our thoughts wandered to food and the hard times we used to have, living on the donation of the few faithful we know then. It often happened in those early days that cornflakes were breakfast, lunch, and dinner----- Some times, there were no cornflakes, just coffee and bread and no butter---On one such occasion we were hungry, and a chicken had come, all roasted and cut with a generous portion of delicious, baked sweets. Boy oh boy, how we all fell to it---

Then the chicken started to come regularly once a month, and its origin was as mysterious as ever. But we discovered that it came from that mother for whom we had found a job, and whose children we had clothed. Almost four years and the chicken still comes once a month--a symbol of human gratitude, the like of which is rarely found in the World of today.

But not all memories are as happy as these. Where is Jim today? Jim came one day long ago, to bid us good-bye for he was joining the Communist party. He was leaving the Church but felt compelled to tell us about it because once we had stopped him and his family from being evicted---

We argued way into the night. I describing finally the hell that was Communistic Russia. Weary of arguing, the fire of anger against injustice, interracial and social flaring high in his tired thin face, he answered loudly, "So Russia is hell? B, did you ever think that I am a Negro in America, which means I am in hell too, only I ain't got company in hell --so maybe I am joining the Communist party just to get some--"

He left before we could answer. We wonder where he is today-----

There was Stella, and how I worried about her. Pat brought her in one evening, and we discovered that she had not eaten, nor did she have any place to sleep. Stella was young and rebellious against life for it had not given her a square deal, and how she hated social workers. It took me a long time to make her listen, but how full of wonder her eyes were when I took her across the street to the Clothing Room, and clothed her in new, warm garments. At dinner that night she laughed with us, and when we took her to the nice, clean room that we found for her, she went about touching things in wonderment. I'll never forget how she throw her arms around me the day the job was found----

But, how tragic her eyes were when months later I visited her in the Sanatorium where she had landed after a collapse at the new and lovely job---for she had TB. Her body did not stand up as well as her gallant spirit -- under the days of hunger and --- poverty.

What a joyful light in those lovely eyes when I brought her the Statue of Blessed Martin--- How words tumbled from her lips when later she was telling me of the good chaplin and his instruction in the Faith---then Baptism ---Communion and she was a Catholic at last. Her letters from

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the Sanatorium are still gems of spirituality and patience---

Yes--December is a month of memories--For her I am still at my desk-----seeing and not seeing the Street and its human and motor traffic---with my letters all unanswered---Maybe because in two months it will be four years that we are here---

THERE IS SO MUCH MORE TO HARLEM AND FRIENDSHIP HOUSE THAN MEETS THE EYE---

NEGRO AMERICA FIRST LADY

by Ellen Parry
(Continued from November)

Many were the white friends who came to Mrs. Bethune's aid. One of the first such persons to help her was James N. Proctor of the Proctor & Gamble Company.--- And by 1907, Daytona Educational and Industrial Institute's first brick building was erected. It was called Faith Hall because, said Mrs. Bethune, "Faith Hall was given us by our Father in answer to our prayers, our faith -- our works".

In 1923, Daytona Educational and Industrial Institute merged with Cookman Institute, formerly located at Jacksonville, Florida. The combined school was called Bethune-Cookman College and Mary McLeod Bethune was named president of the institution.

The development of Bethune-Cookman College is a story in itself. So also is the record of the many honors that have come to its president. Ida M. Tarbell listed her as one of the fifty greatest American women; Mrs. Bethune being the only Negro listed.

Charles R. Knight, portrait painter and muralist, held an exhibition was sponsored by the Southern Women's National Democratic Organization in New York, the

United Daughters of the Confederacy, and the Southern Society. It seemed significant that the portrait selected as most "vigorous and forthright" was the painting of a Negro woman. That Negro woman was Mary McLeod Bethune.

During a European trip, Mrs. Bethune visited Rome and was granted an audience with the Holy Father, who bestowed upon her a special blessing. In London, the Lord Mayor and Mayoress received her and she was extended courtesies by the Lord Provost of Edinburgh when in his city.

Mrs. Bethune was one of the founders of the National Association of Colored Women's Clubs and served as president of this organization for three terms. In 1935, at the twenty-sixth annual conference of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, the Springarn Medal was awarded Mary McLeod Bethune for meritorious services rendered her race. In 1936, president Roosevelt appointed her director of Negro Affairs in the National Youth Administration, a position which she still holds.

Yet, considering all of these honors, I feel that as President of the National Association of Colored Women's Club, Mrs. Bethune played her greatest role. There was a meeting of the group in Los Angeles to pay tribute to Mrs. Bethune who had been re-elected to serve a third term as president of the N.A.C.W.C.--The stage of the meeting place was crowded with notables. But sitting next to Mrs. Bethune was a shy little white woman that nobody seemed to know. The audience became curious.

6 They wanted to know who she was and why she was seated next to the guest of honor.

The meeting opened and a huge bouquet of flowers was presented Mrs. Bethune. She arose, faced the crowd gathered to pay her homage and said: "While I appreciate the honors that you have bestowed upon me and am happy to hear you say I have kept the faith and rendered an account of good stewardship, I feel honor should be rendered her whom honor is due". Then Mary McLeod Bethune placed the flowers that had been given her in the arms of the little white woman who had aroused so much curiosity.

The audience gasped. When Mrs. Bethune faced the crowd again, there were tears on her smooth black cheeks. The little white woman, she told them, was Miss Mary Crissman. The same Miss Mary Crissman who had enabled a poor Negro girl from Mayesville, South Carolina, to become the foremost Negro woman in America.

That was the first time the two Marys had ever met. Eyewitnesses tell how the audience choked with emotion as Mrs. Bethune told the story of her many struggles and the manner in which the modest Miss Crissman had aided. In concluding her speech, Mrs. Bethune said: "Invest in a human soul. Who knows, it might be a diamond in the rough".

Mary Crissman and Mary McLeod Bethune are a part of the history of our country. They may well serve as a pattern from which might be cut other garments of National Unity and Racial Tolerance.

THE END

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